

Still Only Mine by librarybooks

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Summary:

He's not a saint, Eddie knows — he's a prick. Saints don't wear Hawaiian shirts or make jokes about sleeping with your mom.

In which Eddie makes a valiant attempt at doing his homework, and Richie is — well, *Richie*.

Still Only Mine

Author's Note:

- For [slytherinski](#).

hehe I wrote this as a companion to [Nay's beautiful art](#), just a short little snippet because we love these boys very much

title is from [Eddie My Love](#) by The Teen Queens, but the linked cover is by The Chordettes! <3

“This seat taken?”

Eddie startles at the interruption, shoulders rising to his ears. His fingers twitch, a jerking reflex, and his pen falls out of his hand. It rolls across his textbook, chasing down the curve of the pages like water droplets.

The speaker’s inflection is familiar; it’s teasing, like they’re not asking for permission so much as announcing their presence. Eddie hadn’t heard them approach, but that voice — oh, that fucking *voice*. He’d know it anywhere — would recognize it sooner than if he heard his own. The words are chirped with singsong carelessness, pitched in a mockery of a soprano. It’s a playful jab at Eddie’s carefully constructed peace.

Jesus fucking Christ. He’s *trying* to study.

Eddie sighs, dredging air from the deepest recesses of his lungs. It carries the world-weary weight of a man who has not slept in a very long time. He leans across his papers to retrieve his pen — it’s wedged itself in a divot in the table, and Eddie has to use his pinky to dislodge it. He doesn’t look up as he speaks. “What do you want, Rich?”

A shadow passes over Eddie’s notebook. It wavers, distant as a drifting cloud, until it obstructs his writing almost completely. Ruled lines blur beneath the dark grey smudge.

“What do I want?” A chuckle. Eddie can’t tell if the sound of Richie’s laughter is something he enjoys or abhors — it makes his breath sit heavy in his chest. “Nothin’ at all, Eddie my man. Nothin’ at all. Just — ”

The shadow shifts until the vague shape of a person takes form, little more than a bust, a mimicry of a head and torso. Eddie pauses in his scribbling, glancing up as Richie tosses his backpack onto the bench. He hops up beside it, squatting on the tabletop like an uncoordinated sparrow. “ — Wanted to keep you company. That cool?”

No, it’s not. Eddie has homework to do.

He opens his mouth to say as much, to frown, but Richie’s startling grin greets him. His lips curve, plush as pink pillows, and his nose scrunches beneath his too-large glasses. They perch on the wrinkled ridges, moving as if they’re part of his face.

“Fine,” Eddie finds himself saying. He forms the words almost without thinking, as if on autopilot. His gaze tracks over the form of his best friend, lounging on the table like the woman from *Titanic* , before they flicker back up to catch his eyes. “That’s fine.”

Richie slouches, lazily pleased. He has terrible posture; his shoulders curl forward, rumpling his tee at the waist. Chocolate curls cascade by his temples, twirling just above his ears, and his eyes twinkle behind his lenses, bright with mischief. The late afternoon glow casts a harsh light on his skin, illuminating him like a fucking saint.

On anyone else, it would be cherubic; on Richie, it’s impish. He’s not a saint, Eddie knows — he’s a prick. Saints don’t wear Hawaiian shirts or make jokes about fucking your mom. He’d be booted out of heaven for indecency.

Eddie scowls at the thought, edging himself away. He bumps Richie’s beaten up backpack where it sprawls next to him, as haphazard as its owner. It’s dull green and patched, like a wild animal had attacked it, followed by a rogue sewing machine. Richie’s dangling foot nearly knocks it off the bench.

His legs are spindly, decorated with Band-Aids and bruises; it looks

like someone's taken a spiked bat to his shins. Miles of bracelets decorate his wrists, knotted and colorful monstrosities in twisted bits of yarn. Eddie wants to grab one, just so it digs into Richie's arm. To tug and leave a small mark, like a reminder; initials carved into tree branches, old names on the kissing bridge. *Eddie was here.*

Fucking idiot, Eddie thinks, somewhat fond. Richie's shirt is a hideous pattern, his shorts don't match, and his socks — *what the fuck are his socks* —

"See something you like?" Richie interrupts his train of thought. His lashes flutter as he winks, curving over his cheekbone, and *fuck*, what the hell is Eddie doing?

What *the hell* is Eddie *doing* ?

He tears his gaze away from the ever-so-faint freckles splashed across his friend's nose. Mortification floods his entire being, although for the life of him, Eddie cannot imagine why. It's just Richie, for Christ's sake. What the fuck?

What the fuck?

"Absolutely not," Eddie sniffs. His focus remains trained on his book, although his notes read like illegible scrawl, now. He couldn't fucking study if he tried. "I was thinking about how ugly you are."

A coo escapes Richie's mouth, like this is a genuine compliment.

"Aw, Eds," His simpering smile makes Eddie want to punch him. He traces his finger around his chin, posing. *Loser*. "You're so sweet. Didn't your mama ever tell you it's impolite to stare?" One eyebrow twitches, like a knee-jerk reaction. It lifts, slight, whenever Richie's gearing up for an offensive joke. "Unless it's at her ass, cause, you know —"

Eddie stifles a strangled noise in the back of his throat. Talking about his mother in explicit terms will trigger his asthma, because why would he ever imagine — who would even *think* of that shit? Eddie gives *fuck all* whether his medicines are placebos, whether his inhaler is fake. With this topic of conversation, he'll start gasping for air on

command.

Yeah. Richard Tozier is about as close to sainthood as he is to going mute and swearing life-long celibacy.

“Shut the fuck up, first of all,” Eddie coughs, leveling Richie with a sharp stare. “Please, for the sake of my well-being. Shut the fuck up.”

Richie makes a tutting sound, as if disappointed. The grin never leaves his face. “Dramatic, dramatic.” The dimples in his cheeks deepen, which strikes Eddie as unfair.

Dimples are a dollop of cream, sweet and round. Dimples are cute, and it’s *Richie*. Richie’s not allowed to be cute. He’s certainly not allowed to be *sweet*.

A breath of wind whistles through the trees. The leaves brush against one another, whispers high above. It ripples across the grass, rustling the pages of Eddie’s books and tousling Richie’s hair. The breeze dislodges an errant curl, and it twists along his lash line.

Eddie averts his gaze, his face and neck flushed with heat. He stares at the hieroglyphs of his notes, eyes tracking and retracing the curve of his pen on the paper.

Christ. Eddie does not understand what the fuck he’s reading. His heartbeat is loud in his ears, rushing with blood. White noise obscures all other sound, all feeling — it sings beneath his skin, tingling pins and needles; they stab, poke, and prod. Static bleeds behind his lids every time he blinks, as if Eddie is staring at a malfunctioning television.

Maybe he’ll die, and wouldn’t that be something? Not even a terminal illness to send him off. His mother would be livid.

Alright. It’s okay. *This is normal*. It’s a reasonable bodily reaction to hanging out with your intolerable best friend. This is fine.

“You’re so fucking annoying,” Eddie says, to fill the quiet. At least if Richie speaks — if he distracts him, Eddie can remember all the reasons why Richie is the most irritating person to walk the planet. “I hope you contract a disease and it makes you lose the ability to

“speak.”

This is fine .

He can hear the smile in Richie’s voice, can imagine the flash of white teeth and pink mouth as he laughs good-naturedly. “I’ll wax poetic about you instead if you want, baby.”

This is not fine. Eddie doesn’t want that. He doesn’t.

Does he?

“I absolutely do not want that,” Eddie nods, decisive. He issues his sternest glare, and his nails clack against the tabletop; he considers gouging trenches into the wood, just to feel something. Anything. “Wax your fucking eyebrows instead.”

Richie brings his hand to his chest, a Victorian woman clutching her pearls. His voice adopts a lilt, and it’s the worst rendition of a Southern belle Eddie has ever heard. “You’re playing me like this? How cruel.” He swings his foot near the place where Eddie’s arm rests. “You’re a heart-breaker, my Eds.”

“Good,” Eddie says. He shifts to avoid the sole of Richie’s shoe. “Stop calling me that.”

Richie’s leg moves again, his aim bettering with every launch. His foot brushes Eddie’s skin. “You like it,” he chortles, and isn’t he just the worst? Kicking out with his dirty ass shoes, covered in germs, what the fuck is wrong with him? Eddie hates it.

Richie looks absurdly pleased as Eddie scowls, as if earning his ire is equivalent to winning the lottery.

“Jesus — fuck off , Rich, seriously,” He dusts off his arm, scooting an inch or two away from Richie’s flailing limbs. He ignores the path their conversation has taken and huffs. “If you’re gonna stay here, sit on the fucking bench like a normal person.”

“Hell fuckin’ no.” Richie’s foot braces against his backpack. At least it’s not touching *Eddie* , God. “Where’s the fun in that?”

Eddie squeezes his pen. The ballpoint pushes into the paper, bending only as cheap plastic does. It dots Eddie's notes with dribbles of ink. He swipes it with a brush of his thumb, staining the pad blue. "You're so dumb."

"Yeah? You know where I'd rather sit?"

Sunlight burns behind Richie, blinding yellow, and he shifts. He's a long, lanky thing; his twig of a body casts a shadow the width of a toothpick, but he still manages to obscure Eddie's homework. He makes no effort to move.

Eddie frowns. It's a solid, firm line, flattening his lips. "Don't even start."

Richie leans back on his palms. His fingers flex against the wood, like a cat kneading a pillow. He clicks his tongue, a disheartened sound that Eddie knows is fake. "So mean, Eds," he reaches across the table, as if to bump Eddie's hand. "So, so mean. I was gonna say — "

"I *know* what you were gonna say," Eddie yanks his pen back, dragging a line of blue across the paper. He smacks Richie away, quick, like a viper strike.

The lingering touch of their skin prickles in his fingertips. It feels like burning nerve endings, like anxiety and electricity thrumming in his veins. *Shit*. Eddie rubs his palm on his thigh. "And if I have to listen to you talk about — about fucking my mom *one more time* — "

"What?" Richie's teeth flash in a crescent moon, a wide and sharp Cheshire smile. A bark of laughter bursts out of him, boisterous as a drunkard, and his dangling feet bump the wooden bench. His sandals — *sandals* , this motherfucker is wearing weed socks with *sandals* — scratch the grain, dislodging flaky shards of paint. Little maroon flecks decorate his toe. "Jealous?"

Jealous. Why the fuck would Eddie ever be *jealous* ? He'll keel over and die before he ever decides to be *jealous* of — of who? His own *mother* ?

"You're disgusting, Tozier," Eddie wrinkles his nose. This picnic table

is ancient, there's probably lead and asbestos sunken deep into the wood stain — "Hell no."

"Hell yes ."

"I swear to — " Eddie's hands curl in his lap. His fingers tighten until the skin pulls taut across his knuckles, sharp and white, as if he's about to start swinging in a fist fight. "Do you ever stop?"

For once, Richie doesn't deign to respond. His brows quirk upward, and he sucks in his lower lip, gnawing on it. The lack of a witty retort does little to diminish the glee on his face.

It's like Richie *wants* to be kicked in his nether regions. Eddie has had enough.

He crosses his arms over his chest, fingers pressing shallow indentations in his biceps. The pressure is gentle, hardly there — but it's grounding. "What the fuck are you laughing at?"

This time, the answer comes quick. It's faster than a blink and accompanied by a laugh, sweet as sugar-coated candy. "You, Eds."

Richie's not allowed to be sweet , Eddie recalls his own observation somewhat sourly. His heart does funny little flips behind his ribs, a frog trying to escape its cage.

That's genuine mirth reflected in Richie's expression, pulled upwards in the corners of his grin. The playfulness, the kindness, the fucking stupidity of it all — it's as real as anything. "You're adorable when you're angry."

It's said without malice, which is worse. If Richie was just being an asshole, at least Eddie could respond in kind by cutting his dick off, or something. But he's not; Eddie would be able to tell.

It makes him feel strange. *Richie* makes Eddie feel strange, like he's trying to swallow a baseball, or he's breaking out in hives. The thick length of his eyelashes fluttering along his brow bone, the pucker of his mouth when he swears — it's lewd and horrible. Visualizing it is enough to color Eddie's cheeks in unflattering shades of red.

What in the name of fuck is wrong with him?

“Don’t call me Eds,” he manages, with some difficulty. He swallows hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing in time. Eddie wonders if he’ll choke on his own tongue.

At his side, Richie still chuckles. It’s a low rumble, deeper than it was just last year; the soft sound is foreign in his throat, as if his own body is unused to making noises that aren’t explicit.

“Whatever you say,” Richie’s eyes crinkle, like it’s not the end of the fucking world for Eddie, like he’s not absolutely killing him with every flash of his bright white grin. “*Eds* .”

Eddie’s innards twist in knots, and he thinks if he was torn open his guts would look like a gruesome Christmas bow.

It’s jarring, awful, and entirely familiar.

Christ. *Christ*.

Richie is the worst. He’s the worst, because he’s irritating and careless — a shit-eating, vulgar human being with no regard for how he’s perceived. Obscenities exude from him, like Richie’s a fucking diffuser of profanities or something. He’s rude, crass, and decidedly not funny.

Eddie might love him. Maybe. And isn’t that fucking romantic?

Richie’s pretty — *he’s so fucking pretty* — because he’s all foolishness and crooked grins, sharing a private joke with nobody but himself. He chuckles, and the faint freckles on his nose fall like paint splatter. His hair curls just so, a mockery of a cherub.

Eddie likes the way his irises twinkle, how his eyes bunch at the corners when he laughs. His glasses are buglike and unbecoming, but they’re classically Richie, and Eddie thinks that means something.

He isn’t sure how to parse this information. Not yet.

Richie turns to Eddie, then, his mouth twisting. The tilt of his head blocks the light, casting chocolate-colored locks in a halo. The orange

of his shirt seems to burn, glowing in the brightness like a flare. *Obnoxious.*

“You zone out or something, Eduardo?”

He’s so *stupid* looking, his lips curled and his brows cocked, anticipating a punchline. Eddie glances away from him and squeezes his eyes shut. Maybe if he pinches his skin hard enough, if he tightens his fists so his nails prick his palms — maybe he’ll be able to think straight.

For a beat, there’s nothing. Only silence, the rustle of leaves and college-ruled notebook pages. His homework — ah. Well, Eddie can do that later. His pen rolls across the tabletop, forgotten.

Then a push, a gentle prod as Richie’s fingertip jabs his shoulder. Eddie locks his attention on that single point, an anchor to draw him down to earth. His lashes quiver as he cracks one eye to peer at him.

“You good, man?” Richie smiles, slow. It’s almost hesitant as it dances across his face.

This one is real, bigger than twitching amusement playing along his lips. It extends from his dimples to the deepest part of his soul, a flower blooming in spring. He grins at Eddie with more than his mouth, like he’s the fucking sun, or a star, or some planet in the nebulous vortex that’s the universe, and Eddie thinks: *well, maybe it’s okay.*

Because Richie’s smile — it’s directed at him.

Eddie doesn’t know what that means — not really. Should it be a big deal? Should he be embarrassed of it? He can’t be sure why it matters, why the focus of Richie’s catching smirk is something he craves. But he knows, deep within him, in the furthestmost crevices of his heart: so long as that grin is for Eddie alone, for nobody else, it’s alright.

It’s alright.

Eddie exhales once, and his uneasiness vacates him in a sigh, weighted with worry. His lungs are lighter as he breathes in and out,

releasing tension he didn't know he held. He opens both eyes.

"Rich," Eddie says, facing him.

Richie perks up at the call of his name. He turns, a slight jerk of his chin, and watches Eddie. His cheeks stretch ever wider, like he's been given a gift.

Stupid.

Eddie's lips part, soft, crushed petals and candy. He studies his best friend intently, gaze sharp and trained on the slope of Richie's nose. A light dusting of pink adorns the bridge, cast by late afternoon shadow.

This is Richie. *His* Richie, Eddie thinks.

The corners of his mouth tug upward, incessant. Richie's humor is contagious, and Eddie's about to catch the fucking plague.

Warm brown curls brush Richie's brow, tangling in his glasses. "Yeah, Eds?"

The ridges of the wooden bench make indents under Eddie's thighs. It itches, wholly distracting as Richie's feet still swing. His sandaled feet narrowly avoid the slumped shape of his backpack. This time, Eddie doesn't move.

His gaze passes over the table, his abandoned notes. And then he looks at Richie, observing as the sun glances over the arc of his shoulder. The dwindling rays are hot, like summertime. A golden sheet washes them in warmth.

Reality is distorted here. They exist in a bubble that's elsewhere, a place where Eddie can stare and Richie doesn't mind.

A place where Richie could look back, maybe. One day.

"Ah — nevermind," Eddie smiles, gentle. It's genuine; the truest expression he's given. His teeth are brilliant white in the burgeoning dusk, brief and vibrant as a shooting star. "It's nothing."

Nothing , he thinks as Richie grins back. It's brighter than anything Eddie has ever seen. *Nothing at all.*

Author's Note:

this is my first foray into the IT fandom and it's ABOUT TIME because wbk reddie deserves love. that being said I've been writing harry potter for so long I don't know how to write anything else oops

this is meant to be a standalone fic, but I might continue at some point! thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed <3